

Englands  
**GRATULATION**  
 ON

**The Landing of Charles the**

Second, by the grace of God, King of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland* at Dover, and his advance from thence to the City of *London*, May the 29. being His Birth Day,

Attended with all the ancient Nobility and Gentry of this nation, and a great part of the army commanded by his Excellence the Lord Generall MONK, His magnificent entertainment in the City of *London*, by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and his Brethren, and the great preparation for his Coronation, which will be more full of state and triumph then ever King of *England* had before,



London, Printed for William Gilbertson.

Jan. 4, 1926

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## Englands Gratulation on the landing of Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.



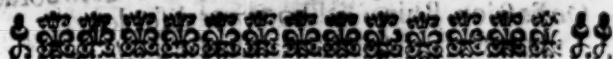
**T**uesday May the 29. His Majesty made his Entrance into the City of London: and it is very remarkable that Tuesdays are (with some Rubrick at least) to be observed in our Almanacks. It was on a Tuesday that my late Lord King Charles

Father to this present King, was beheaded: It was on a Tuesday that this King was born. It was on a Tuesday that he received the intelligence at Brussels, that a way was made for his inauguration in England. It was on a Tuesday that he came from Brussels to Breda. It was on a Tuesday he was Proclaimed King. And it was on a Tuesday that he came unto London. The manner and gallant Equipage whereof is the present subject of this discourse.

The King on Monday having bin most Honourably receiv'd by the most Illustrious the Lady Mary, Countesse Dowager of Richmond, did on Tuesday prepare himselfe himselfe for London: He had before at his first Landing bin nobly entertain'd by the Mayors of Dover and Canterbury, where finding with what a flame of Love and Duty he was expected and attended, He made more hast to his City of London: there was never seen a more gallant train of the Nobility and Gentry of England then at this present, and every one striving to exceed another at much in loyalty, as in Gallantry, the wayes on both sides

were hedged with people, and the trees were filled with them to behold his Majesty, as he Passed by, the shouts and acclamations were loud, and universal. Coming to Dartford there were a hundred maids arrayed all in white, who strowed the way with Lillies and Roses before him, which sweet ceremonies were continued by these untill he came to his pallace at White-hall, the streets as he passed all along were raised in : It was Ordered that no Muskets should be discharged, to the end that the Traytors (if any should be so barbarous as to make a desperate shot) might more readily be discovered; but had the Muskets of the City and the Army made never so many Volleys, the shouts and the Acclamations of the many thousands that perpetually cryed God save the King, were so loud, that they would even have deafned the noyse of the Guns: the King was on Horse-back in a sad coloured Suit, and a Red Feather round about his Hat: On the right hand of him rode the Duke of Yorke, and on the left hand the Duke of Gloucester: a little before him rode his Excellence the Lord Generall Monk bare-headed, and the Marquess of Newcastle, Master of the Horse, and a little before them were the Lord Mayor, and his Brethren the Aldermen, and many other Citizens most richly habited, and behind there rode bare-headed my Lord Viscount Mordant, my Lord the Earle of Northampton, the Earle of Northumberland, and my Lord Jocelin his Son, and a numerous and glorious company of the Nobility and Gentry. In this stately Equipage he came to Whitehall about sixe of the Clock in the evening, where *Long may he live to Reigne ever us,* and let all the people say Amen,

Englande,



## Englands Gratulation.

**A**ssist me all the Nine, helpe me to sing  
The glorious praises of great *Charls* our King,  
whom heaven hath try'd and brought out of the fire  
And layd him low to raise him up the higher  
That to the wondring world he is become  
The Grace and Glory of all Christendome,  
'Tis he repaires our Breaches, and restores  
Our Land to safty, and doth heale our sores,  
'Tis he that strokes our griefs, and wipes our eyes,  
Sets us in order and doth make us wise.  
For ne'r was Nation so before misled,  
To Court the Tayle and make the Rump their head?  
No more wee uow shall rayle at Noble Blood,  
No more shall rich men for their little good  
Be look't upon as guilty, nor vile spyes  
Enjoy the lust of their so murdering eyes.  
Men shall put off their Iron hands and hearts,  
The times forget their old malicious arts,  
With this new minute, and no print remain  
Of what was thought the former ages stain,  
where are our Saints now that would faine be known  
To have no other holiday but their own.  
Where are our cruell *Regicids*, and all  
The petulent Crew wee *Anabaptists* call.

Whose wild Religion and whose zeale doth border  
On Faction, Ruine, Falshood and disorder.  
Whose Gospell speaks, *It is too hard a thing*  
*At once, to fear God, and obey the King,*  
And from their Bibles doe expunge that text  
As too obliging, or too much perplext.  
Behold the hour's at hand that shall declare  
What men of conscience, and what Saints they are  
That still pursue [Oh most unhumane wrongs)  
The Lords Anoynted with their threatning tongus,  
As if the Father slain, they had not done  
Enough, unlesse they massacred the sonne:  
This to prevent, the King himselfe draws nigh;  
Full of his cause, his eye with Majesty,  
His brow with thunders arm'd, and on each hand,  
The youth of Heaven in files unnumberd stand.  
His glorious guard, for the world be't known,  
That heaven is pleased to make this cause his own,  
For who the King affront the like would do  
To th' King of Kings, could they come at him too;  
And as the Sun when his absented light,  
Approacheth neerer, day doth smile outright,  
And the thick Vapours of the night do fly,  
In guilty tumults from his searching eye,  
So now the King in person hath begun,  
To shew himself like the *Meridian* sun,  
To shine in all his glories; and dispence,  
Throughout his life his powerful influences  
The clouds of bold Rebellion, the false fight,  
Of falser zeal, and meteors of the night,  
The fullen Vapours, and the mists that made

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A great confusion in so great a shade  
 Shall wait before him, as he comes our states,  
 Extreame to temper, for it pleased the fates,  
 Though others labourd in the work yet none,  
 Should heal our griefes but who our hearts do owe,  
 Nor shall this Isle regain her ancient worth,  
 But by that monarch which this Isle brought forth,  
 And fame no sooner to our ears did bring,  
 The joyfull story of the landed King,  
 But all the Lords and Gentry of the land,  
 Made hast to waite upon his high command,  
 So full their trayn, so gallant their array,  
 As if their splendour would outshaine the day,  
 There was the Noble General, with whom  
 The best of all his men of armes did come,  
 And many able Citizens were sent,  
 To make the show seeme to be magnificent,  
 Who all so soon as they the King displaid,  
 Who can imagin what a shout they made?  
 The glittering of their cloaths out vy'd the suns,  
 Hats in the Ayre flew up; Guns roard to Guns,  
 & trumpets deafned trumpets, who'd have thought  
 These ere in arms gainst each other had fought?  
 Th' outlandishmen that markd it, and stood by,  
 In our behalf all out aloud did cry,  
 Was never Nation now more blest then wee,  
 Nor ever monarch more admir'd then he.  
 Invirond thus, and come to the Cities gate,  
 He was received in all high pomp and State,  
 By the Lord Mayor and his brethren who,

Were

(6)

Were proudly glad their Noble Prince to view,  
How great will be our growing joyes we may,  
Presume will crown his Coronation day  
Which to his matchless merit will be more,  
Then ever King of Evngland had before,  
At which since heaven & earth with shouts do ring  
Let altogether saye God save the King.

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**FINIS.**

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